

# Yeats The tower.pdf/16



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# THE TOWER

I

WHAT shall I do with this absurdity—  
O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,  
Decrepit age that has been tied to me  
As to a dog's tail?

Never had I more  
Excited, passionate, fantastical  
Imagination, nor an ear and eye  
That more expected the impossible—  
No, not in boyhood when with rod and fly,  
Or the humbler worm, I climbed Ben Bulben's back  
And had the livelong summer day to spend.

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